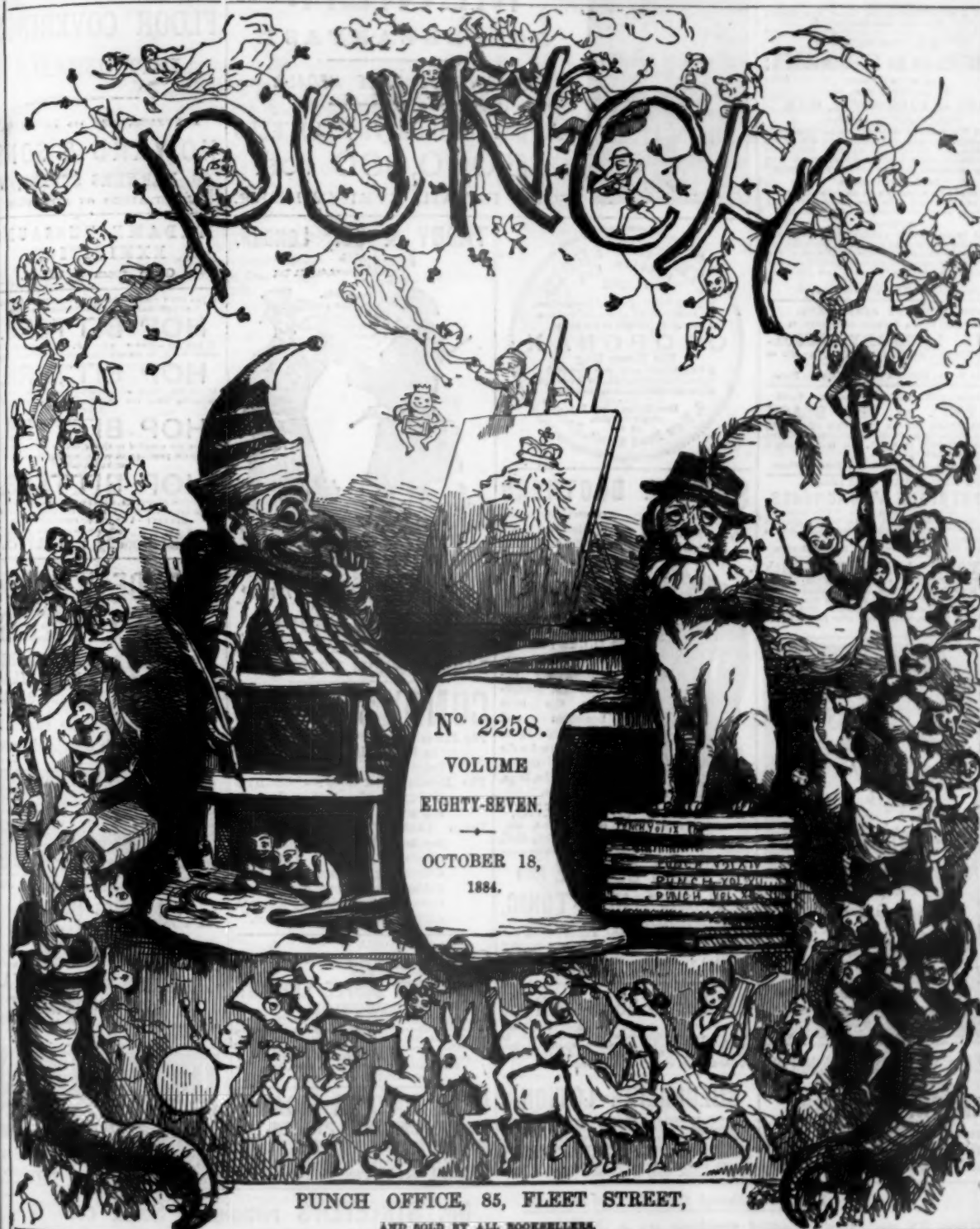


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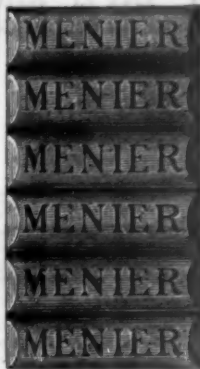
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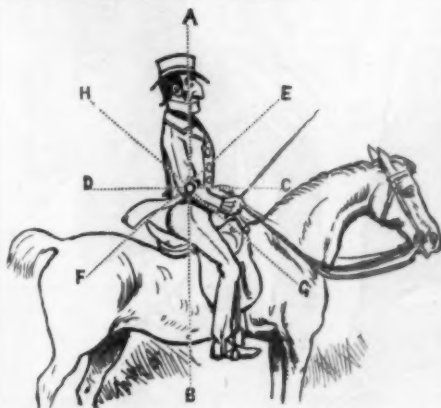
HAVING taken his first lesson, the equestrian pupil may now be supposed to have "got on."

Of course it will be understood that there is all the difference between getting on an ordinary hack and "getting on" the favourite for the Derby. If you follow an old hand's advice, you will leave the "getting on" a horse for any race to the jockeys and the book-makers.

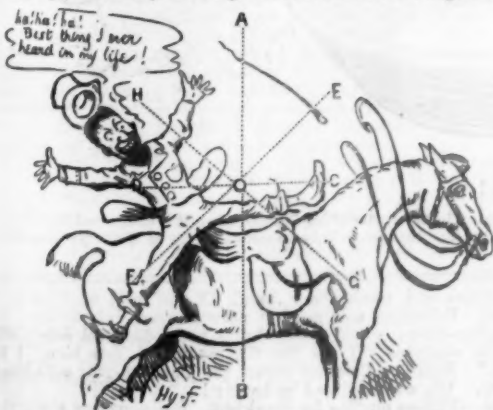
When well on, the next thing is to preserve your balance. If you have your balance at your Bankers, keep it there. You can't do better. It is always at hand when required. All you've got to do is to send round for it when you're going out riding, as you must preserve your balance on horseback. Explain this to your Banker. He will let you have it, and you can send it back to him after you've done your ride. When the pupil is more advanced, he will understand how to take out his balance with profit to himself, as, often, when out hunting, he will meet with a check, which, as no one cares for it, he can pocket, and add to the balance he will all the while be carefully preserving on horseback.

To ride by balance, first ascertain exactly where your centre of gravity is situated. Then all you've got to do is to keep it in its right place. When out riding, therefore, avoid all frivolous company, as a joke at the wrong moment might upset your centre of gravity, and cause a serious accident.

Nothing can be conceived more dangerous to an Equestrian, however well he may be mounted, than to split his sides with laughter. The following diagrams will explain:—



How to Keep your Gravity in Riding. First notion for a Wellington Statue.



How to Lose it.

But Lessons for Amazons will be given later.

When the pupil is "on,"—a case which, it is hoped, will never occur—no instruction can be of any possible use to him. The sooner he is taken home and put to bed the better. It is a generally accepted rule that it is "always well to begin at the beginning, and to commence as you are going on." This must be accepted *cum grano* (like the entertainment at the GERMAN REEDS, which is accepted *cum CORNET GRAINO*), as if the pupil while still a novice commences

to use his pocket-handkerchief—that is, "to begin just as he is going on"—or to take off his hat to a Lady, or to put on his gloves, or, in fact, any action requiring the use of one or both hands, he will soon be left 'a poor Off'un' on the road.

But as our object is to produce a perfect equestrian, prepared against every emergency, we should recommend the admirable practice of not always mounting on the same side. Remember there are more



An Equestrian Student who is "On."



The Trojan Horse—Historical Instance of "Getting Inside and Pulling Down the Blinds."

than two sides to every horse; and the beginner must have often heard the advice that is frequently given to equestrians by disinte-

rested Pedestrians—viz., to "get inside, and pull the blinds down,"—advice which only exhibits the ignorance of its donor, who, presumably, must be entirely unacquainted with the anatomy of that noble animal the Horse. But the use of the phrase proves our assertion, that there are a right side, a wrong side, a left side, an outside, and an inside to every Horse. This may be taken as a fact. The only time that the above-mentioned advice might have been acted upon was, in the case of the celebrated Trojan Horse, when they did get inside, and kept the blinds pulled down all day.

"To begin at the beginning," therefore, it will be found excellent practice to mount over the head and over the tail of the animal. Bear in mind that you may be called upon at any time to "sit on his head," and you should be able to accomplish the feat with equal grace and safety. The operation is very simple. Stand facing the horse; wait your opportunity; then take hold of both ears and vault into position, kissing your hand (for practice sake) to the spectators.

In the same way learn to mount easily by the tail. The process, like the foregoing, is simplicity itself. Stand in front of the tail, place both hands on the horse, and, at the word three, jump up. With a very little practice you will be able to recline on it in a graceful attitude, as shown in the illustration. When seated, do not forget to turn round and kiss your hand, as before, to the ladies. This will be quite enough for one lesson.



More than One Way of Mounting. Sitting on his Head.



Another Way of Mounting. Graceful Attitude. "Tali ingenio."



SLY DOGS!

"The English Government having lately shown itself more complaisant to Germany in the matter of her Colonial aims, it is understood that Prince BISMARCK has made a corresponding change of front, and that he is now somewhat less disposed to take so serious a view of the suspension of the Sinking Fund as France would have him adopt."—*Times*, Oct. 8.

YOUNG AS EVER!

HERE'S a chance for the set of grumblers who are always insisting that the Nation is at a standstill for the want of a younger hand at the helm of affairs! It appears (according to the Calcutta telegram in last Wednesday's *Times*) that the NIZAM has somehow got hold of a "boy Prime Minister" who has already shown such aggressive vigour in office that the Madras Government has been suddenly staggered into a state of excitement as to what on earth he will be up to next. Here, then, is the very thing! All that is wanted is for some enterprising Jingo patriot to get hold of Mr. ANSTY's *Garuda* stone, effect the change, and inspire the grand old Presence of Downing Street with the lively spirit of his little political Eastern brother. *Presto!*—the change would be marvellous! Only fancy half a leaf from the *Grand Young Man's Diary!*

6 A.M.—Up, and off to bathe in the Serpentine. Fill my hat

with stones, and, coming back, break all the front windows in the Carlton. Policeman sees me, but nervous about interfering. Give him half-a-crown, an old pocket-knife, and a damaged dog-whistle. Says he supposes "I am Mr. GLADSTONE." Tell him "I am, rather." Home to Downing Street, playing leap-frog with him all the way. Oh, what a time I'm having!

9 A.M.—Fifteen muffins for breakfast. See some row about state of Navy in morning papers. Wire to NORTHBROOK to order at once fifty ten-thousand-ton, twenty-four-inch steel-plated, first-class ironclads, to be ready by Guy Faux Day. Also, lots of rockets. I'll let Europe know what I'm about, and no mistake! On my way to War Office see SALISBURY ordering some fish in Parliament Street. Trip him up into a basket of live lobsters, and go off whistling. Crowd cheer. Bow like anything, and drop in at BENZONI's, and have nine penny currant water-ices, one after another. Bright idea—why shouldn't Italy have a cut in at this Egyptian business?

Noon.—See the Duke about Army increase. Tell him I shall

want five hundred thousand men somehow, by time Parliament meets. Says it "can't be done." Offer him a brand-new Billiard Table, the Isle of Wight, trip to Monaco out of Secret Service Money, and a jolly good Dinner at the Holborn Restaurant at the expense of the Government whenever he feels up to it; and he says, "though it isn't usual, he'll do what he can." Put his Private Secretary into the Despatch-lift as I leave, and see him go down with a run. Splendid lark. Hall Porter much amused, but respectful. Sell him a pocket-full of Marbles for threepence-halfpenny, and go off to the F. O. on a first-class knife-board.

2 P.M.—Row with GRANVILLE, and tell him flat he's "not half a fellow." Coats off. N.B. Don't think he'll try to punch my head again. Declare War by wire with a couple of Continental Powers—just to make it hot for him when he comes back from lunch.

And so on.

Evidently those who are not satisfied with the present slow-going, if orderly, conduct of affairs, should manage this *hocus-pocus* at once. A "Boy" Premier would probably wake up a good many sleeping interests. Can't the Theosophical Society take the matter in hand?

MANCHESTER'S PLUCKY AUDITOR!

We have so long been accustomed to hear of the wondrous doings of Manchester the Great, and what a grand example she sets to the rest of the Kingdom in all that constitutes good and pure government and sound finance, that we confess to a slight feeling of gratification, as well as a large amount of amusement, on reading the amazing report of their "Citizens' Auditor," as he is called, a copy of which has been forwarded to us.

A proper audit is, of course, the real test of a proper account, and an audit of the accounts of such a Corporation as that of Manchester would, one would think, be as dull and uninteresting as a last month's *Bradshaw*. Let us see if this be the case. We will take our extracts quite haphazard, merely as samples of the wondrous whole.

One Committee, we are told, smoked, or took away, during the year 3,500 cigars, costing sixpence each, and drank wine enough to fill a small reservoir.

Under the head of Sundries, &c., for one department, is an amount equal to a rate of threepence in the pound. It includes looking-glasses, combs, brushes, sponges, tincture of quinine, picture-frames, pillar-lamps, thermometers at 12s. 6d. each, tumblers, &c., all required for one year's use. In one office, with but one officer, no less than seventeen penknives were required, at an average cost of nine shillings each! Another Official is evidently of an inquiring nature, and ordered for the use of his office the various volumes of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, as they appeared, at a cost of thirty shillings each, but, when sixteen had been supplied, finding he could refer to the work in the neighbouring Reference Library, the sixteen volumes that had cost the Ratepayers twenty-four pounds, suddenly disappeared, but are now to be seen in a second-hand bookseller's shop, but the Auditor is unable to discover how they got there, or who has had the money they realised.

A bill for £875 for wine, paid for out of the rates, this terrible Auditor promises to handle when dealing with the Steward's department. One Alderman, when alluding to it, said that when he was Mayor, he not only paid for every glass of wine he consumed, but for every ounce of pepper! not including, probably, the large amount supplied by the Auditor. One Councillor charged a Committee five pounds as commission on the purchase of a weighing-machine. One Committee finding, probably, their expenses for luncheons, petty cash, and deputations, amount to such a sum as would attract unpleasant attention, boldly charged it to capital account, thereby spreading its payment over forty years!

On the Finance Committee, out of the sixteen members no less than eight are Aldermen, a fact, says the Auditor, indicative of good judgment, for "whosoever the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together." No Alderman, he cruelly adds, are on the Nuisances Committee, another fact indicative of good judgment. The Finance Committee watch over the expenditure of all the other Committees, but there is no one to overlook theirs. Good judgment here again, but not justice. In a sub-department of the Finance Committee, the amount



DIGNITY IN DISTRESS.

Tommy. "I WAS WEIGHED AT BAKER STREET THIS MORNING, GRANDPAPA. I WEIGH THREE STONE FIVE. HOW MUCH DO YOU WEIGH?"

Grandpapa. "FOURTEEN STONE, TOMMY. THAT IS, WITH NOTHING ON, YOU KNOW!" Tommy. "AND WERE YOU WEIGHED AT BAKER STREET STATION?"

of miscellaneous expenditure amounted last year to £677, although its members bought nothing and sold nothing, but simply kept the register of the Consolidated Stock, and attended to all matters connected therewith. When this unnaturally inquisitive Auditor insisted on seeing the book containing the details of this expenditure, all the leaves of the previous year's expenditure had been carefully cut out, but it contained the items for the first six months of the year under revision, amounting to £389, but, from that day to this, the Committee have not spent a single penny. Applications for payments of accounts have been made, but, says the Auditor, "they have been held in a state of suspended animation, presumably until my term of office shall expire." Fortunately for the Manchester Corporation, this Citizens' Auditor informs us, he is endowed by nature with such an even calmness of disposition that he is able to refrain from indulging in language more forcible than polite, when thinking over the various transactions that have come under his notice, though he does say of some of them, that the audacity of the under-worked official who entered certain of the items is only equalled by the imbecility of the Aldermen who passed them.

They seem rather a literary Corporation at Manchester, their newspapers and magazines costing the Ratepayers about £300 a year. The Mayor, we are pleased to see, is supplied with a copy of *Punch*, which is of course all very right and proper, and which he doubtless finds of inestimable advantage to him in guiding his steps in times of perplexity, and in cheering him up in days of depression, such as those caused by this ruthless Auditor. But how he can find time to read, in addition, the *Courier*, *Queen*, *Graphic*, *Spectator*, *Illustrated News*, *Nineteenth Century*, *Evening News*, and *Mail*, is somewhat difficult to understand. However, the Town Clerk beats him hollow, being supplied with about double the number of similar publications, and all, we presume, absolutely necessary to a due discharge of the duties of his office.

Perhaps the most audacious act of this most audacious Auditor is to begin his last sentence with an allusion to the pantomime of the *Forty Thieves*, to follow it up by a statement that the books contain invoices for goods supplied to the Corporation by Aldermen and Councillors, and to conclude it with the comforting assurance that next week he will enumerate the amount of money received out of the rates, last year, by each Alderman, Councillor, and Official!

To show the opinion the citizens of Manchester entertain of their plucky Auditor, they have, we are informed, just re-elected him unanimously. Pleasant this, for the Corporation!

VERY MUCH ABROAD.

(Notes of a First Visit to La Bourboule-les-Bains, Puy-de-Dôme.)

No. VIII.

More Backsliding—The Serpent at La Bourboule—We don't "decline," and do "fall"—Nervous Anticipations—Results.

THE Mephistophelian SPICER has done it. He is the Serpent who beguiles us into making a *détour* into flowery paths away from the narrow way of obedience to Doctor's orders. He insinuates distrust of the *traitement* while artfully extolling the virtues of the waters of La Bourboule.

His argument is, "It is absurd to lower yourself." In one sense we admit it is worse than absurd, it is absolutely wrong. But SPICER is serious and he won't be put off. He says, "Take the waters by all means, but don't suddenly give up everything. Look at the people who are at the Casino here. They'll all be drinking coffee and *liqueurs*, and smoking. Well, aren't they all invalids, and probably invalids of some standing, who have been here before, and know the place?"

I venture to remark that I've seen very few taking coffee and smoking.

His reply is, "That's because you've not been out at the right time. Look here! CHIVERS is low, very low,"—this is true, as the treatment has unaccountably told on CHIVERS, whose name has now become "Uneasy," as he can't make out whether the waters are doing him any good or not.

"Now," continues the insinuating and jovial TOM SPICER, "you" (to CHIVERS) "have a bottle of good wine, and we'll help you. *Dis donc, garçon, apportez nous une bouteille de Château Palmer.*"

C'en est fait de nous. SPICER's done it. The bottle is brought. 'Tis excellent wine, but it does not come from the hotel cellars, having been presented to CHIVERS by a charitable friend who has brought his own private supply with him (an excellent plan) and who can spare us this bottle as he is off to Paris in the morning. We enjoy it, that is CHIVERS and myself, as if we had been two *Crusoes* found on a desert island by SPICER, the gay mariner, who had brought us a bottle of rum from the ship's stores. It is excellent.

"Of course you feel better already," says SPICER, heartily; and we swagger—or stagger—for a couple of glasses of Château Palmer has already done its deadly work, and we are merry and ready for anything. Doctor be blowed! *Garçon, du café!* First-rate cigar. Good music to-night, too. And, dear me, yes, the place is crowded, and all the people taking coffee, *liqueurs*, and cigars. Let us risk at the *petits chevaux*. CHIVERS does so, and at once wins seven francs.

"*Voilà! la bonne chance!*" cries the Demon SPICER, more Mephistophelian than ever. "*Le Château Palmer porte bonheur.*"

Capital game, *les petits chevaux*. I lose three times, and don't think so much of it. CHIVERS proposes *La Mascotte*. We enter the tent. We get seats. SPICER, however, prefers the theatre, the admission to which is six francs to-night, because a M. FUSIER is giving an entertainment.

On the *La Mascotte* board there are painted pictures of *L'Amazone*, *Le Chinois*, he is called *Le Coquin Chinois* this evening—a political allusion—*La Baigneuse*, *La Princesse*, and *Le Petit François*. I back *Le Petit François* and the white. There is immediately a run on *La Baigneuse*, the *Coquin Chinois* turns up occasionally, and the *rouge* about six times out of eight. Consequently I am not a winner. Suddenly it is the turn of the *Petit François*, the wand in the hand of the figure of an angel blowing a trumpet stops at the picture of the *Petit François*, represented as an effeminate youth in Watteau costume, and touches number *cinq*. The colour on which my little friend's picture is painted is white, and so, having backed *blanc* and *le petit*, I have a good time of it, and receive five francs in all; as, so strict are the conditions of the game, your stake is counted in as part of the winnings, *c'est à dire "la mise compte au jeu"*—an excellent arrangement for the table, but hard on the *joueurs*. After this, I pause for a second. Fatal loss of time! for while I am thinking on what I shall stake my money, the *croupier* calls out, "*Le jeu est fait,—rien de plus.*"—it is too late for me to back the little Watteausque youth and white again—nay, it is any odds against their winning twice running—when suddenly the wand of the winged Fortune stops in precisely the same place, and ticks off exactly the same number! Ah! *miséricorde!* had I but . . . Too late! I will encourage the *Petit François*. I will back him through thick and thin. I do so, but the chance for to-night has come and gone. The Angel of Fortune blowing the trumpet favours *Le Coquin Chinois* (*absit omen!*) and the red, gives an occasional turn to *La Princesse*, and something else, I forget what, but the stupid little *François* passes by, turn after turn, cutting me dead every time. I put my last half-franc on *Le Petit François*, but he takes no notice of me, and the little man, in his courtier-like attitude, his pearl-grey satin square-cut coat, and his background of garden-landscape *à la Watteau*, turn slowly away from me, as I rise from my seat, and go out into the

star-lit night. CHIVERS has vanished: he lost on *La Baigneuse*, and retired early.

It is half-past eight! the night is yet young. I can go nowhere, for I have no money. What must the ruined gambler feel? Yes, there is one place to go to,—bed. *Entrée libre. J'y suis.*

If the Demon SPICER's *traitement* is better than the Doctor's, *en pour le Démon SPICER!* If not—then back to asceticism et le *traitement du célèbre Docteur PROBITÉ. Nous verrons.*

Le matin après.—Lève à six heures. Droit comme une trépid. The Doctor comes in unexpectedly, when I am in my bath. He takes me by surprise. I take him by surprise, I am so well. Dr. PROBITÉ is so delighted with me up to this moment that I feel bound to confess the enormity of last night. "*Foyons!*" I say, cheerily. "Guess what I did last night!" He looks at me, and through me—right to the other side of the bath, and he says, sharply, "Smoked?" "Yes. Only one cigar."

"One too many," he replies; but he cannot find it in his heart or his head to say anything in the face of facts.

The *traitement*, then, *à la Bourboule* comes, I think, to this: Use the waters till they disagree with you; then leave 'em off for a day or so, and then recommence. This is not a bad rule anywhere. *Bourboulez comme à la Bourboule: et ayez confiance en votre médecin.* To adapt Monsieur J. L. TOOLE's phrase, "*Tenez l'œil sur votre Docteur et votre Docteur vous en tirera net.*"

CHIVERS is better. SPICER is about the same, but delighted that his *traitement* of us has succeeded so well. Taken altogether I should say we arrive at the Probité-Spicer philosophy, "If you want to enjoy life, live by rule, and prove the truth of the rule by the success of the exceptions."

The horses and flies are all out on "the Place"; and the flies, swarms of 'em, are all there, too, you may be sure. I wish I could draw a horse as well as a horse draws me, as these "mountain poneys *Anglais*" are worth the trouble of mounting (on cardboard), but not the cost of a ride, about ten or twelve francs, except as a *dernier ressort* pour se distraire.

This pretty well sums up the distractions of La Bourboule. Outside La Bourboule, at seven kilos distance, there is Mont-Dore; but in this place, which, because it is higher up in the mountains, and of more ancient reputation, professes to look down upon La Bourboule, I have no sort of interest. Its *Établissement* looks like a gaol, and its bathing-cabinets like condemned cells,—exteriorly, at least. Mont-Dore is bigger, but not better even for its own *spécialité*—you see I am a partisan,—as La Bourboule is little and good. But for La Bourboule, as for *La Pêricle*—"elle grandira." And there will be bigger and grander hotels, more lodging-houses, larger stakes at *La Mascotte*, fortunes lost and won at *les petits chevaux*, splendid stables and equipages, and a magnificent church, of course. But the simplicity, the seriousness, the tranquillity, and the piety of La Bourboule will have disappeared,—just as even now the peasant's Bourboule has disappeared, and the oldest inhabitant no more recognises the La Bourboule of his childhood's days, than would a present Bourboulais, going up into the mountains and returning, like *Rip van Winkle*, twenty years hence, recognise the La Bourboule he had quitted in the Year of Grace Eighteen-Eighty-four.

"DOCTOR WATTS" IMPROVED.

(From a Sea-side Lodger.)

How doth the little busy Flea
Disturb each silent hour,
And all night long, most wick-
edly,
Our wearied limbs devour.

How cruelly he breaks our rest,
How wroth he makes us wax,
When, jumping from his hidden
nest,
He bites our tender backs.

Now, had it been in works like
these
That my first years were passed,
I must have come, like little Fleas,
To no good end at last.

For so, the little cruel Fleas,
By those who would have slept,
Will—drowned, or burnt, or head-
less, be,
Unpitied and unwept.

"SINS OF THE CITY!"—This is the title of a new and, we are informed, highly successful Drama at the Surrey Theatre, written by Messrs. MERITT and CONQUEST. We can perfectly imagine how strikingly grand must be the appropriate final *tableau* representing the triumph of Sir WILLIAM VERNON HARCOURT, the Avenger of the *Sins of the City*, as he triumphantly waves aloft the formidable London Government Bill, while the LORD MAYOR and Corporation, in full costume, descend in red fire, just as does DON GIOVANNI, after the Banquet. *À propos*, we hear that the new piece at the Adelphi, which is to succeed ("Hope it will," interrupt the Messrs. GATTI,—and so do we), *In the Ranks*, and is to deal with the East End poor, is to be called *The Sims of the City*. We do not vouch for this, and announce under the greatest reserve.

ORTONOMY.

(Communicated by Our Own Anticipator.)

ANTICIPATING the inevitable rush of interviewers bent upon taking a certain notable convict by storm as soon as he shall have been freed from the more irksome trammels of State control, our enterprising and reliable Correspondent sends us the following:—

HOW I FOUND HIM LOOKING.

I found him seated in a light blue flowered-satin dressing-gown, in the Governor's private room, looking remarkably well; indeed, I might almost say, handsome. A copious head of long, rich, black, waved and well-oiled curly ringlets, supported by a full-flowing brown beard and Oriental moustache, had given place to the unattractive close "Newgate crop" he had worn at our last interview; and as I noticed the transformation with a laugh, he took the joke quite pleasantly.

"Yes," he said, in a quiet and subdued but kind voice, "the pore Governor has for the last six months supplied me daily with a quarter of a pint of 'Macassar,' out of his own pocket, to produce this result. The feelings of a real Gentleman have told him how unpleasant it would be to a real Nobleman to be walking about in good society without his proper compliment of air. I am truly much obliged to him."

HIS IMPROVED EDUCATION.

I could not help noticing the finish and ease with which he now appeared to express himself.

"You have been using your leisure for the purpose of more thoroughly familiarising yourself with your native tongue? Doubtless you have been studying some Standard Dictionary."

"I have," he said. "WALKER!"

HIS POLITICAL OPINIONS.

We next got on the subject of the present Parliamentary agitation, and I was naturally most anxious to hear what opinion, if any, he had formed as to the probable passing of the Franchise Bill in the course of the approaching Session. I was, moreover, above all things, desirous of eliciting from him some decided statement of his views on the subject of hereditary legislation generally, and I led the conversation accordingly, adroitly referring, by way of an opening, to Lord SALISBURY's last speech.

"You think well of the House of Lords, I trust?" I said, tentatively. "They are, you will admit, a highly respectable body of men?" I rather hoped by this moderate expression of respect for the Upper House of the Legislature to induce him to say a few encouraging words for it, but he merely replied, "They're no use—none of 'em; a set of duffers, the whole lot of 'em!" Then he added, more thoughtfully, "It's the money that does it! You won't get a set of rich noblemen,—no, not even to stand a pot of beer between 'em, if it's only to lend a helping hand to a pore Nobleman."

I smiled at this rather personal sally, and asked him what he thought of the "Franchise," adding, at the same time, that I was sure the Public would be eager to hear what he had to say about it. "Nothink!" was the laconic and pithy reply; and seeing that he declined to continue the subject, I naturally turned to the threatening aspect of affairs on the Continent.

HIS VIEW OF THE THREE EMPERORS.

I plunged at once in *medias res*. "Well," I said, "as you won't give me your views of home politics, perhaps you can tell me what the Three Emperors mean to do?"

"The Three Emperors?" he replied, thoughtfully, evidently now interested by the turn given to the conversation, "well, if the concern's well managed, and you're talking of a house I used to know bearing that name, once upon a time, somewhere in the Upper Holloway Road, I should say it ought to do uncommon well."

I looked a little confused. "It's a 'public' you're referring to, isn't it?" he asked, I suppose noticing my manner, which enabled me to explain to him that though there had been a certain amount of necessary publicity attached to the affair, the real outcome of the meeting was as yet a profound secret. "But," I added, wishing to throw further light on the subject, "it is supposed that though the interests of true liberty will in no way have suffered, an end will have been put at once, and for all, to that licence that all sober-minded men must have only too long contemplated and deplored."

My interlocutor smiled significantly. Then he added, after a slight pause, "Well, all I can say is,—if they stop the licence, well,—what then? Why,—what but *just* goes the Three Emperors!"

HIS IMMEDIATE PROSPECTS.

He shook me warmly by the hand. "I shall hope to have a perfect ovation when I'm out," he said, as we parted.

"As long as there's one precious fool left in England, you won't want for a friend," I replied, quite heartily.

There was a little formal leave-taking, and we parted. My interview with the distinguished probationer was over!

MORE KENDAL-LIGHT EFFECTS ON THE STAGE.

"'Tees' is the Latin for a Kendal."—CHARLES LEVER (adapted).

ANOTHER result of Mrs. KEND-L's onslaught on Modern Dramatic Advertising is that her professional brethren and Sisters have been stirred to instant action in the matter, and a "Modest and Retiring Theatrical Announcement Association" has not only already been duly organised, but has even sent out its preliminary circular. If there could be room for any doubt about its ultimate success, the subjoined brief extracts from the Lady-Secretary's correspondence would settle the matter:—

DEAR MADAM,

I.

NEED I say I am only too delighted to join the movement your admirable Association is destined to set on foot; and as an earnest of my hearty devotion to what you truly call the "unobtrusiveness of genius," I mean, after Monday week next, never to have my name set up in type again. Can I say more?

Yours faithfully,

AUGUSTUS—No!—THE 'UMBLE MANAGER OF DRURY LANE.

P.S.—I forward you, by Parcels Post, herewith all my available visiting cards, together with twenty tons of posters with which I proposed to push my forthcoming Christmas Pantomime. But keep them *all*—they are yours!

II.

MR. J. L. TOOLE presents his compliments to the Lady-Secretary, and begs to state that he will have much pleasure in re-naming his little theatre "The Grand International Beef-Steak Opera-House." Mr. J. L. T. will also undertake, for the purpose of further effacing himself, as suggested, never, when on a provincial tour, to ride about in a green dragon car, filled with a Turkish Military Band, and surmounted by a figure of Fame holding a two-sided banner inscribed both on back and front, "TOOLE is coming! Book early!" As to changing his name without advertising it in the *Times* (a very excellent suggestion), J. L. T. will communicate further per post-card.

MY DEAR LADY,

III.

YOUR Pamphlet is full of high-minded and ennobling suggestions, and as a pioneer of Art, in her fullest ideal, I thank you for its perusal. Rule XVIII., requiring every Member of the Association never to address the public before the Curtain, and never to speak on theatrical matters at public meetings, is excellent. Nothing is so degrading to your true genius as constant ovation. The bare thought of being hailed at some railway terminus as a demi-god by unreflecting millions makes me shudder. Can such things be? Alas! I fear they can—but we will not mention names. I enclose a blank cheque, which please fill up with any amount you require for the funds of the Society,—and am,

My dear Madam, yours approvingly,

W. B.

IV.

DEAR MADAM,

THE idea is quite admirable. Though on this side the Atlantic, and amidst a Brotherhood ever loyal to me, my heart, believe me, goes out to you. Rule XVIII. is much needed. When will our professional brothers and sisters learn that if "speech is silvern, silence is golden"? Rule XIX. of your Association, which enjoins that no Actor of status shall ever be suffered to post up his life-sized Effigy, even in one colour, on every hoarding in the Metropolis, strikes me as a magnificent step in the right direction. The very thought of such craving for popularity makes me shudder. Can such things be? Alas, I fear they can—but we will not mention names. But there—go on and prosper, for I am indeed all with you.

Yours, enthusiastically,

H. I.

V.

MY DEAR LADY-SECRETARY,

I SHALL join your Association with much pleasure. I am sending everywhere to collect my Photographs, which, were it not that such a proceeding might have the appearance of an Advertisement, I should publicly burn. As to those which I cannot recall, I have instructed my Agent, who still remains on his knees in tears, imploring me to revoke my decree, but I am rock—I should say, statueque marble,—to insist upon their all being warmly clothed for the coming Winter by some competent Artist, in strict conformity with Rule No. XX. of your Association, which, in the interests of public morality, and for the sake of the Actress's reputation, prohibits all pictorial display of personal charms.

Yours modestly,

M. A.

VI.

MANY thanks for your charming and interesting circular. It has so much impressed me that I have already packed up all my things for Central Africa, and have made a firm determination never again to have recourse to P^{as}' Soap.

L. L.



WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

(He lends his last and greatest Masterpieces to an Exhibition of Pictures by Local Amateurs at Earlswood-on-Sea.)

Local Connoisseur and Patron. "I CONGRATULATE YOU ON YOUR PICTURE! I'VE NO WISH TO BE FULSOME, BUT I MUST SAY THAT I CONSIDER IT ONE OF THE *FINEST*—I DON'T SAY *THE FINEST*, MIND YOU—BUT QUITE *ONE OF THE FINEST* WORKS OF ART ON—*RE—ON THIS SCREEN!*"

"NECK OR NOTHING."

JOHN BULL *loquitur*—

COME, come, good my Lord! Drop your curb, pluck up heart,
And go at it a dasher! Old RUPERT, you know,
Took a much stiffer jump in this very same part
Of a country that many good riders lays low.
"A leap in the dark" he declared it, but here
You can see well ahead if your eyes you will use;
No longer take counsel with stubborn-necked fear,
Let your horse have his head, and he will not refuse!
You've a capital mount. True, he's thrown you before,
But the rider, remember, was mainly to blame.
You don't like the country? Of course that's a bore,
Yet it gives a good run to a rider who's game.
It is those who have craned who a cropper have come.
Take its "raspers" with coolness, and all things come right;
Check your nag at his fences, look stubborn and glum,
And you need not expect to be in the first flight.
Why, bless your big beard, my dear Lord, I have seen
Better horsemen than you at this line look askance.
The old Reform country a bugbear has been
For a very long time. But just take a cool glance
At the records of runs, and you'll find that the luck
Has been ever with those who rode steady and straight,
Who take things as they come with composure and pluck,
Without fumbling about for a gap or a gate.
Go at it, my Lord! It looks nasty, no doubt,
But there's no other way that will lead to the front.
'Tis a leap you must take, spite of beating about—
That is, if you're meaning to keep in the hunt.
Give your hunter his head; he can clear worse than that,
His heart will not funk it, his heel will not strike it;
You must over it sooner or later, that's flat,
And the more you look at it the less you will like it!

STUMP AND STEAM.

OUR PREMIER got safe home to Hawarden from his Northern progress, which was throughout happily unattended by any serious accident. But in future, on any campaign of that kind, he will perhaps be persuaded to refrain from the practice of addressing crowds assembled, in front of the carriage he is travelling in, upon railway-platforms. That is not a safe sort of platform for the purpose of political meetings; and if it is undesirable that a public speaker should always speak within door, it may be wished that he should seldom, except of necessity, deliver orations with his head out of window. Particularly since, in this variable climate, the most valuable head, with the bump of "Veneration" upon it, under the influence of that sentiment, in reverence of a popular assembly, bared to the breeze and the draught, must be one in which for the orator protruding it, there is considerable danger of catching cold.

Histrionic Novelty.

THE following advertisement from the *Daily Telegraph* ought to be useful to some of our young Actors:—

TRAVELLER.—WANTED, a young Gentleman to represent an ivory button manufacturer in London, and occasionally take country journeys.—Full particulars, stating age, experience, and salary required.

This certainly opens quite a new line of character-parts. We should like to see Mr. ARTHUR CECIL represent "an ivory button manufacturer in London." There would be, we are certain, a delightful freshness and finish about the performance. We should like also to see the notion of "pearl shirt-stud maker in Leeds," or "a sleeve-link fabricator at Liverpool," or any other little trifle that this new departure may suggest.

"THE Discovery of three 'Turners.'"—"What's there wonderful in this? I suppose," said Mrs. RAMBOTHAM, "we shall hear of the discovery of three Joiners next!"



“NECK OR NOTHING.”

FARMER BULL. “GIVE HIM HIS HEAD, MY LORD! LET HIM TAKE IT,—IF YOU DON’T WANT TO BE ‘OUT OF THE HUNT’!”



"LES FILLES DE JOHN BULL."

(According to the usual French notion, which we hope Mr. Maz O'Rell has done something towards dispelling.)

ROBERT ON THE ECLIPSE.

Wot a varied life is the life of a Waiter! There to-day and gone to-morrow, as the Poet says. Who woud ever have thort of my being engaged last Saturday week to see to the creechur comforts of a party of distingwished scientific Gents as went on the River to see the Eclips. And a fine lot of swells they was as ever I wishes to wait on. There was a reel Admiral among 'em, though I coudn't make out by his dress whether he was a blue 'un or a red 'un, and two or three Post Office Captings, and a werry tall Deputy as smoked all day like a tall chimbley pot, and two or three Sirs on board.

We had rayther a emusing incident at Reddin afore we started. One of our party happens to be perticklar fond of Banberry Cakes, which they makes at Reddin, of course, so he called a boy to him, and guv him sixpence to buy two for him, and told him to keep one for his trouble. Presently we seed him coming back eating his cake, and he says to our gent, "please, Sir, they only had one, so here's your thruppence change." Ah, that boy does credit to his County, and Barks ought to be proud on him.

We went down by Rail to Reddin and got on bord our butifal Yot in time for a late breakfast which they polished off pretty quick so as to be redy for a hurly lunch, as they didn't mean to dine before three o'Clock. My long stay at butifal Streetley had made me so accustomed to the water that I wasn't at all sea sick, tho' the waves as we made behind us was big enuff to have made a alderman turn rail. I soon got on werry good terms with the Crew, and I'm amost afraid as it was my telling of one of my most emusing tails to the Pilot, as made him larf so that he run us slap aground! As we all knew as the eclips woudn't wait even for a blue admiral or a Post Office Captain, we all set to work like true British Tars to get our ship off the rocks. Ah, it was sumthink like a site to see all our Naval Officers turn to, just like common sailors, to get us afloat again. There was one werry tall gent, even taller than a Deputy, who in his agony seized a marling spike, I think they calls it, about 20 foot long and pushed away in that powerful style that he made quite a hole in the shore. But all in wain, until one of the captings giv the word, "All ands to the Capetan Bar, with a heave oh!" and away they all rushed, and all pulled away, and all shouted "Heave ho!" and I shouted two, and then off glided our galliant bark into the foaming soap suds, and we was free!

The egstement as we was all in was so grate that I felt quite feint, so I was obligated to open a bottle of Hidesick jist to keep up my spirits, which praps accounted for the two tall gents being jist a leetle short at dinner.

Arter a rayther prolonged meal, we cleared the dex, as we sailors says but don't mean it, for desert, and arter desert for tea and coffee and Charter House, and by that time the Eclips was about dew and we all got redy to have a good look at it.

I rememberd wen I was a good little boy at School, whenever we had a eclips, and we used to have 'em werry often in them corduroy days, no one was considered a reel scientific chap if he hadn't a bit of burnt glass to look through, so I took care to break a bottle by accident when nobody wasn't looking; and even the Admiral, whose eyes seemed to be everywhere at once, and who aschally called out, "Now then, stoopid!" meaning Me! But I don't think as he seed who it was. I then smoked it with a candle, and arter cutting my fingers wunce and burning em twice, I got it all right, but strange to say, when I cum for to try it, it wasn't not of no use. So rapid is the progress of science!

I didn't think as the eclips was a werry good specimen of eclipses. It was all werry well at the first part of the performance,

and I was amost tempted to cry "Brayvo! But after the moon was all covered over, it was such a awful long time afore he cum out again that I got sitch a frightful cold a staring at nothink in the strong east wind, that I went home quite bout of temper, and my Missus said as if all that Eclipses did was to spile people's tempers, she hoped as there woudn't be no more on 'em, not never. Wot the consequences woud be if her thoughtless words was to cum true, I of course trembles to think on.

My scientific party was, of course, much hinterested in wot they saw, but they was disapinted in their principal hobject, which was to see the eclips in the river, but, unfortunately, the moon went along at sitch a unfair rate that it coudn't be done not at no price. My natral suggestion that they should try again in about a fortnite was received with a shout of larfter, but, as one on 'em said, it wasn't at all a bad idea, I think it quite possible as my appy thort will be carried out, and all I can say is that if anyone is found to object it suttently won't be

ROBERT.

THE VERY LATEST POLICE INTELLIGENCE.

NATIONAL POLICE COURT.—EXTRAORDINARY QUARREL.—Two men, who refused their names, but who gave addresses in Downing Street and Hatfield respectively, appeared before Mr. J. BULL, the sitting Magistrate, under cross-summonses, charged with using abusive language and assaulting each other.

The first Prosecutor, who had given the address at Hatfield—a powerful-looking man with a black beard, stated that he had been subjected to continual annoyance with regard to a House which partly belonged to him at Westminster. In ordinary times he carried on a good, though quiet, business as a tailor in the mending and patching line. The Defendant was a rival shopman, and was trying all he could to injure him (the Prosecutor) in his trade.

The Defendant. Please your Worship, my shop was there long before his.

The Prosecutor. Your Worship, he wants to introduce a lot of low fellows into his House as lodgers, and that's what I can't stand, and my lodgers say—

The Magistrate. Oh, so you keep a lodging-house, too?

The Prosecutor. Yes, your Worship, but I only take in a superior class of tenants. And since I've opposed his (the Defendant's) getting in this new rowdy lot, I and my tenants have been threatened, and some of 'em declare they'll leave me.

The Magistrate. Can you give us the names of any who have been intimidated in this way?

The Prosecutor. There's a party by the name of CAIRNS, and another by the name of RICHMOND, very respectable people. They're afraid to stay in my House; they say it's in danger of being blown up, or pulled down, or something.

The Magistrate. Has the Defendant used threats towards you?

The Prosecutor. Yes, your Worship—I hear that he abused me shockingly to some friends of his in Scotland.

The Defendant (interrupting). Nothing of the sort, your Worship. I was having a bit of a holiday, and I had taken too many Sandwiches at the Railway Stations, I suppose; but all what I said of him and his House was true.

The Prosecutor. Then there's a party of the name of CHAMBERLAIN, one of his lodgers, who carries on awful.

The Magistrate. Well, we can't go into what his under-tenants do, you know. (To Defendant.) What do you say about the matter?

The Defendant. Please, your Worship, he has the cheek to say I'm overcrowding my House with a lot of roughs! And they ain't roughs at all, but quiet young men from the country. At all events he says he won't let me let 'em in unless I put 'em in rooms that don't look out on his dratted shop. He pretends he's particularly partial to young men from the country, as a rule, only he don't want 'em where they can disturb him and his high and mighty tenants. And he's put a rope across my front door to trip up my lodgers.

The Prosecutor. It was only a booby-trap, your Worship.

The Defendant. And he swears horrible at times, and he's that cantankerous he says he'll burn down his House himself sooner than let me take in my new tenants, who're all a-ready and a-waiting.

The Magistrate. The booby-trap clearly constitutes a technical assault. But I shall require more evidence of it. I adjourn the case, and meanwhile—(to Defendant)—you had better prevent "the party by the name of CHAMBERLAIN" from threatening Prosecutor. And you—(turning to the first Prosecutor from Hatfield)—ought to know that you have no power to prevent his taking in any lodgers he likes, so long as they conduct themselves respectfully. The matter had far better be settled out of Court. Isn't there anybody who will mediate between the parties?

The Defendant. There's a peaceable sort of a chap, a friend of his, by the name of RICHMOND, alias GORDON, who might do.

The Prosecutor (excitedly). Never!

The Magistrate. Tut! tut! I adjourn the case, for further evidence, till November.



"THE BURNING QUESTION."

Politician. "BUT I SUPPOSE, MR. BUNTING, YOU ARE IN FAVOUR OF THE EXTENSION OF THE FRANCHISE!"

Mr. B. "THE FRENCHERE! NA, NA! GODLESS BODIES! A 'LL HAE NAE-THIN' A DEE WI' THEM!"

A RUM REVOLUTION.

"Yeo-ho, and a bottle of rum!"

So sung the delightful Villains in Mr. STEVENSON'S bewitching Story, *Treasure Island*. The grim refrain to their ghastly minstrelsy might now, it would seem, be fitly chorussed, not by piratical toppers alone, but by honest Bluejackets, who belonged not only to the Queen's Naval, but to the Blue Riband Army. Sir WILFRID himself might approvingly pipe it, provided that the "bottle of rum" were the de-alcoholised rum which we are informed is being sent out in large quantities from the Royal Victualling Yard at Deptford, and is to be the chief stimulant for ordinary use among the men engaged in the Nile Flotilla. This Rum, it appears, is "light and exhilarating, instead of stupefying and intoxicating." Also it "renders the troops who drink it cheerful, without being excited and quarrelsome." Prodigious!

"There was an old sailor, and what do you think,
Big tots of neat rum were his whole and sole drink.
But the rum came from Deptford, such innocent diet,
That Jack, although cheerful, was peaceful and quiet."

The innovation must surely create a revolution all round, in Ships and Social Science Congresses, Mess-rooms, and Teetotal Meetings, on Decks and public Platforms, in Sea Songs and Stories, in Metaphors and Tropes. "The cup that cheers and not inebriates" may henceforth mean a Pannikin of "Deptford Rum." Rum and Milk need no longer seem an unholy union of Arcadia and Tophet, the Milk itself not being more innocent and harmless than the bland, if exhilarating fluid it is beneficently blent with. The de-alcoholising purgation, applied to the Tars' favourite tippie, can surely be extended to other spirituous beverages, from Old Tom to Pommery, and then—happy prospect!—the spouting, dogmatic, denunciatory Platform Pump-worshippers' occupation will be gone for ever. Here is a Vista! Fancy taking the wind out of the sails of the Teetotal fanatics, by taking all the mischief out of the pleasant potables they would imperiously prohibit! It seems too good to be true. The world with one blameless enjoyment more, and one noisy "movement" less! Utopia is evidently at our very doors. And who—from PLATO to MORE, from BACON to BESANT—would ever have expected Utopia to spring from—the Royal Victualling Yard at Deptford!

VALE!

A Fond Farewell to the Seasonable Summer of 'Eighty-Four.

WITH a sunny burst that British bosoms cheered,
You appeared,
And bewitched us with a true old English May,
Sunny hours and skies of blue,
And its promise was more true
Than the promise of our Poet Laureate's play.
We had fancied that the Summer of old song
Had gone wrong,
Had, like Cheshire Cheese and Ribstone Pippins, fled;
And that never any more,
On the sea or on the shore,
Should we see you who, like mighty Pan, was dead.
We had had so many dismal Junes, you know,
Cold as snow,
And Julys the sheer antipodes of HERRICK'S;
And we gave ourselves up wholly
To goloshes, melancholy,
Long-tailed waterproofs, and lyrical hysterics.
But your June was just the June of auld lang syne,
Warm and fine,
And your July sunny SUCKLING might have sung.
Scarce a deluge or a raw gust
Marred the beauty of your August,
And you gladdened youth, and made the old feel young.
Oh! to sing a song of Summers such as this
Is pure bliss,
(And may we often have a chance to sing 'em);
We were free of slop and slosh,
Of the mucky mackintosh,
And that autocrat of latter days, the gingham!
One could bask in steady sunshine with the rose,
And one's nose
Was not painfully and chronically crimson.
One could cricket play, or tennis,
'Neath a sky well worthy Venice
(Not the one that WHISTLER wrecks his washy whims on).
Dear Dan Phœbus—let us give him his old name!—
Came in flame,
And vouchsafed us days and weeks of sunshine torrid.
Heaven's azure was unspickled,
And our pretty girls got freckled,
And—yes, actually!—didn't deem it horrid.
White waistcoats were as plentiful as cherries,
And strawberries
Greatly gladdened GLADSTONE'S Melibœan breast;
E'en uncompromising codgers
(Like JOE CHAMBERLAIN or ROGERS)
Must the season's mellowing influence have confest.
Mister MURDOCH and his men for once played cricket
On a wicket
They could hardly beat in sunny New South Wales;
And they found a good "gate" answer
Right through Gemini and Cancer,
And on unto the Virgin and the Scales.
And the Healtheries you crowded every night.
Such a sight!
In your praises need a poetaster's pen lie?
Nay, your merit kudos tops,
For you gave us glorious crops,
And they even had some sunshine up at Henley!
O Summer of fast-waning 'Eighty-Four!
Many more
Of such seasons may we welcome gladly, gaily!
For you did not sell us, did you?
And, reluctantly, we bid you
A most loving, lingering, grateful Vale! Vale!

ANATOMICAL Studies, with Illustrations of Skeletons,
ought to be published as one of the Standard Editions of
the celebrated BONE'S Library.

WALTON'S Life of Hooker. Is this another name for
LEAZAR WALTON'S Complete Angler?

LETTERS IN THE RECESS.

By EMINENT HANDS.

IV.—ON BUTTERED MUFFINS.

DEAR TOBY,

I do not know how I should get through life if it were not for the opportunity, sometimes snatched, of discoursing with choice spirits on genial things. I suppose there are very few people who



AT PLATE-WARMER CASTLE.

ever turn their mind seriously to the subject of Buttered Muffins. Yet to my mind they appear worthy of attention, alike for their material attractions and for the moral to be derived from their study.

For my own part I should be inclined to form an estimate of a man's character by observing his conduct at the tea-table. There are some people who, having a wealth of choice, would instinctively select dry toast. I should say that SALISBURY would unhesitatingly make such a selection. There is something harsh and repellent about bread slightly burned before the fire, that would recommend it to his taste. He would like to feel the resistance offered to his teeth, and the crunch of the annoyingly hard bread would be grateful in his ear. GLADSTONE, I should say, would instinctively take plain bread-and-butter, and would like it cut a little thick.

He is a man of infinite parts, which no one will deny, least of all we who sit in Cabinet Council with him. I always observe with amused interest, the marked manner in which some of my colleagues in the House of Commons, speaking in the country, pay deference to their chief. I also notice that those really least in sympathy with his predilections, and to whom his personal pre-eminence is rather an incumbrance, are most eager to extol him. HARCOURT, out of the warmth of his personal devotion, has given us a historical phrase, and "the Grand Old Man" will live for ever.

I wish I could have heard HARCOURT deliver this passage. But I can imagine the honest tremor of emotion which broke his voice, the seraphic look of personal affection that mantled his brow, and the magnificent sweep of his right arm. I did not hear that. But I happened to be in the gallery in one of the later months of the Session of 1874, when GLADSTONE was in very low water, and shrewd observers (like HARCOURT) thought he would never lift up his head again. I heard HARCOURT then turn upon GLADSTONE on the Front Opposition Bench, and amid enthusiastic cheers from the Tories, make a personal and contemptuous attack upon him. The recollection of that scene must recompense me for not hearing "the Grand Old Man" passage. CHAMBERLAIN, too, as at Hanley last week, is eager to seize the opportunity of paying homage to GLADSTONE, and DILKE knows how to play on the same key.

But let us return to our bread-and-butter. GLADSTONE, with all his supreme qualities, is (this between ourselves) a little lacking in those feelings of geniality that draw a man to buttered muffins. Under all the fervour of his eloquence there is a stratum of harsh practicality that attracts him to plain bread-and-butter. It requires a certain combination of qualities to make a man revel in the muffin judiciously, that is to say, richly buttered. He is the kind of man whose first impulse is to take a cheerful view of the events of daily life as they present themselves. He need not necessarily be a man

full of loving kindness. He may even be capable upon occasion of saying exceedingly bitter things. But he would be a man of equable temperament, with a smile on his face though he have the gout in his feet. I do not of course mean a simpering smile. A man may smile and smile, and not appreciate the mellifluous muffin. But where there is a kind of affinity between the two, there would, according to my fancy, be on the face of one an ever-ready smile, indicative of willingness to make full allowance for the frailties of human nature.

I am not sure that you quite follow me. The thing may be a fancy of my own, incapable of conveyance to other and unsympathetic minds. But there it is; and some day I mean to treat the matter more at large. In the meantime, a few practical hints on buttered muffins may be of use to you. In the first place, be careful that the muffin is not toasted too much. It is a task I never leave to other hands. It is only watchful care that will procure the light brown tinge over the circular surface which proclaims the perfect muffin. As to butter, use it fearlessly, and eat the muffin hot.

When we get through this last phase of the Egyptian question, I hope you will spend a quiet afternoon with me at Walmer, where we will further discuss this matter, with practical illustrations.

To TOBY, M.P.,

The Kennel, Barks.

All to you,

GRANVILLE.

THE TOILERS AFTER TRUTH.

(Inscribed to Sir William Jenner.)

[The Medical Schools of England open this month, and those of Scotland in November.]

"LIFE dies, death lives,"—strange paradox,—

The physiologist has told us,
Of days when death, that *atra nos*,
Shall like a sable cloud enfold us.
Yet, ere we journey to the land
Of strange and sempiternal stillness,
Poor mortals grasp the outstretched hand
Of Science, on the bed of illness.

The wise Physician bears his part,
Mid scenes of agony and sorrow;
'Tis his to bid the o'erwrought heart
Pulse healthily upon the morrow.
'Tis his to stir the weary brain
When worldly troubles come to vex us,
To flash electric light again
Through every white neurotic plexus.

Lo, Science moves with giant tread,
To earnest hearts her secrets giving;
And those who question of the dead
Gain weighty answers for the living.
The scalpel wins a thousand fights
Far nobler than the swords, be certain;
And those who wield it see strange sights,—
Some glimpse, perchance, behind the curtain.

Then pule no more about the life
Of dog or cat in crass correction;
The man who gives you back your wife
Was taught, he owns, by vivisection.
We bid the painter's art expand,
Nor curb the pens of men of letters,
Yet sad to think 'tis in this land
Alone that Science walks in fetters.

So let the young men gain the lore
Of JENNER, in a firm reliance
Of those who cry "*Excelsior!*"
And scale the shining heights of Science.
They work with clear, untiring eyes,
Each day some mighty truth revealing.
Leave sham humanity its lies,
And cry Godspeed to men of healing!

A NEW ENGLISH "DECORATION."—Here is an extract from a Whitstable Advertisement:—"Gold Medal for best Natives." Aha! So there is one place where virtue is conspicuously rewarded. Only for the Natives though, not open to all comers.

THE Scotchman who tumbled off a Bicycle says that in future he intends to "let wheel alone."

THE next thing to "the Musical Pitch" must be, The Harmonious Tar.

LEAVE AND LICENCE DAY.

(By Our Very Special Reporter.)

MR. THOMAS PURKISS, of the Royal, Holborn, withdrew his application for a Dancing Licence. He explained that he didn't want to dance.

MR. GALSWORTHY observed that Mr. PURKISS was quite right to be satisfied with his present purkissita. (*Laughter from the Police and a few nervously-hopeful applicants, which was instantly suppressed by the other Magistrates.*)

MR. POLAND said that he appeared on behalf of intending visitors to Messrs. TUSSAUD'S Exhibition, who were afraid of finding the Show somewhat depressing without a little music to enliven them.

The application was opposed by the wax effigies of HENRY THE EIGHTH, the Giant, and other celebrities, who were quite satisfied with things as they were, and took this opportunity of expressing their regret at having been compelled to remove from their old comfortable quarters in Baker Street. They were unanimous in this expression of feeling, with the exception of the effigy of Mr. COBBETT, who, on being questioned, only shook his head gravely, and, as far as could be understood, said that, whatever might happen, he was the one who was always having his toes trodden upon. It was true that the people who did it begged his pardon afterwards,—but what did that matter? He would not concur in any resolution on any subject, except a corn-law agitation, which should make it penal for any visitor to tread on his (Mr. COBBETT'S) toes.

To the Magistrate's question as to whether there was any opposition from the Chamber of Horrors, it was replied that the Lower House was quite in accord with the Upper on the question. Messrs. TUSSAUD said they had laid out forty thousand pounds on their new place. It was simply a matter of figures.

The Magistrates granted Messrs. TUSSAUD'S application on condition that if drums were used there should be no extra whacks given. Messrs. TUSSAUD gave the required undertaking, and offered to have beautiful wax effigies made of the entire Bench of Middlesex Magistrates. MR. GALSWORTHY was understood to say he should rather like it. The subject then dropped.

GIACOMO and BATTISTA MONICO applied for a Music Licence for the Café Monico. MR. BOTTOMLEY FIRTH objected to anything to do with Monaco. He positively objected to gambling. It having been explained to him that the Principality of Monaco and the property of Messrs. MONICO were two different things, MR. BOTTOMLEY FIRTH replied that he didn't care. How could the public know whether Monaco was spelt with an "a" or an "i"? Who wanted music during a *table-d'hôte*? Not he for one. He could play a very good knife and fork himself, and give him the "Roast Beef of Old England" on his plate, and that's all he wanted. MR. GALSWORTHY and several other Magistrates here rose together and made speeches, but the Chairman said a line must be drawn somewhere, and he preferred to hear Counsel. As Counsel had nothing more to say, the licence was refused.

MR. EDWIN WINDER applied for a Music and Dancing Licence for the Alhambra Palace, Leicester Square. MR. POLAND said he appeared at the winder,—he should say for the Winder. He should not make a long speech, as that would be another "winder." MR. GALSWORTHY said, as everyone had made a speech except himself, he should like to observe that MR. WINDER was a Winder that could be seen through by anyone. MR. POLAND remarked that this Winder would be perfectly open. MR. BOTTOMLEY FIRTH asked if the Middlesex Magistrates were to be the Shutters to this Winder? or wasn't he a Winder at all, but only a blind for the Alhambra Company?

MR. CROWDER observed that, if ARTHUR ROBERTS, known as General (Favourite) ROBERTS, had been engaged to sing there, he should feel it his duty to take a permanent sitting, and be in his place every evening as a regular attendant.

MR. GALSWORTHY said that as everyone had made a speech except himself, it was his turn now. For years he had never lost an opportunity of speaking. He thought he spoke very well. There was a brother Magistrate who had just spoken. If any one ought to be kept out of the Alhambra, it was a—CROWDER.

The Chairman observed that he did not quite understand the application. MR. GALSWORTHY rose to explain that when he said "CROWDER," he intended the application to be taken as meaning—The Chairman here interrupted the speaker, and said that he was talking of the Alhambra application. Was the Alhambra to be opened all the year round as a Music Hall, or was it to be simply a Winder Garden? The Dramatic Performers, who had been thrown out of their engagement by the sudden change, were inclined to say, "Now is the Winder of our discontent." He didn't sympathise with them—nor with anyone. He must beg MR. GALSWORTHY to sit still—he had his chance—and it was his (the Chairman's) turn now. The history of the Alhambra had a good deal that was strange in it. It was opened as a Scientific Establishment, with lectures and experiments; itself being the greatest experiment of the lot. It had a coloured fountain, and all sorts of novelties, and it was called the Polytechnicon, or Panopticon, or something of the

sort. If a Music and Dancing Licence was required, was it intended to turn it into a Pan-hop-ticon?

MR. GALSWORTHY here observed that everyone had made a speech except himself, but on being informed that he should have another chance later on, he was pacified, and the Chairman's question having been answered, and MR. CROWDER, having been informed that "provisional arrangement" made by the Company with MR. ARTHUR ROBERTS did not include the providing him with any amount of Champagne or spirituous liquors, expressed himself satisfied, and said he and MR. ANTOBIUS and MR. GALSWORTHY would dine together at the "Cavour Restaurant," which he understood was next door to the Alhambra, and be present at the re-opening of that place of entertainment as a Music-Hall.

MR. WINDER then walked home in procession, accompanied by M. JACOB and his magnificent orchestra. The outside of the Alhambra is to be decorated with a magnificent work of Art, executed in very Bohemian glass, showing a full-length portrait of the Proprietor in colours. This will be known as "The Painted Winder" of the Alhambra.

The Chairman congratulated everyone all round, and said they would all meet again next year about Goose-day, when MR. GALSWORTHY should have his promised chance of making a speech,—unless by that time there should be some radical change in the general government of London, in which case it would be for themselves, the whole lot of them as a body, to apply for licences to act in a Magisterial capacity.

At the mention of any such possibility, MR. GALSWORTHY fainted in MR. CROWDER'S arms, and the other Middlesex Magistrates retired hastily.

THE THREE JOVIAL HUNTSMEN.

(New and Abbreviated Version sung by Lord SALISBURY, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, and Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL on their Return from stumping the Country.)

It's of three Jovial Huntsmen, an' a-hunting they did go;
And they hunted, an' they hollo'd, and they blew their horns also.

Look ye there!

And one said, "Mind your eyes, and keep your noses right i' the wind,

And in Leeds or in Midlothian some game we're bound to find."

Look ye there!

They hunted and they hollo'd, and the first thing they did find
Was that a previous huntsman little game had left behind.

Look ye there!

One said there was a chance for them, but another he said, "Nay;
In these North Country moorlands we have been and lost our way."

Look ye there!

They hunted and they hollo'd, an' the last thing they did find
Was a Bull, safe in a Liberal fold, and that they left behind.

Look ye there!

One said he was JOHN BULL still, but another he said, "Nay;
He's no better than a jackass since he learned the Radical bray."

Look ye there!

So they hunted and they hollo'd till their holiday course was run,
And they'd nought to bring away at last when their hunting-time was done.

Look ye there!

Then one unto the others said, "This hunting does not pay;
But we've pounded up and down a bit, and had a rattling day."

Look ye there!

VEGETARIAN VAGARIES.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL RICHARDSON at the recent Vegetarian Meeting was dressed, as reported in Saturday's *Standard*, in a "Vegetarian, or 'Non-Animal,' suit." Now, we've seen dressed vegetables, but a man dressed in vegetables sounds rather like something tasty for cannibals. But how was the Lieutenant-Colonel dressed? What did he wear? Strictly non-animal, which may be taken to include fruit, on which the gallant Colonel said he had lived for some time. So, let us guess:—For coat? We've all seen a potato done "in its jacket?" Well, the Colonel had done a potato out of its jacket, and wore it himself. Round his neck, by way of tie, something more than a mere artichoke, say, a High-Art-choker. Of course, if flowers were admissible, the stock is evident. For a hat, a Turnip-topper; for linen, shirt clean and fresh from the mangel-wurzel; a *chou* on each foot. And—ahem!—how about his unmentionables? Why, of course he simply wore a beautiful pear.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE THEATRES.—The Healthiness closes on October 30th.

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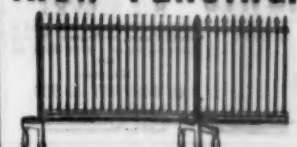
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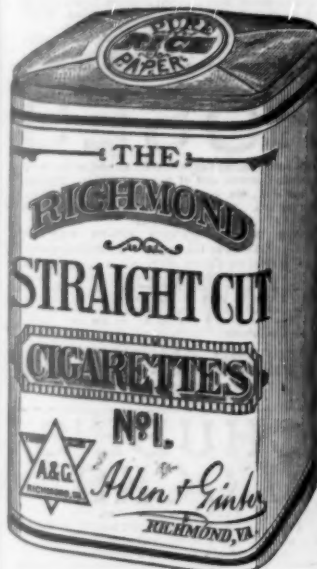
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